CHARLTON COMICS

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The FLINTSTONES FEATURING

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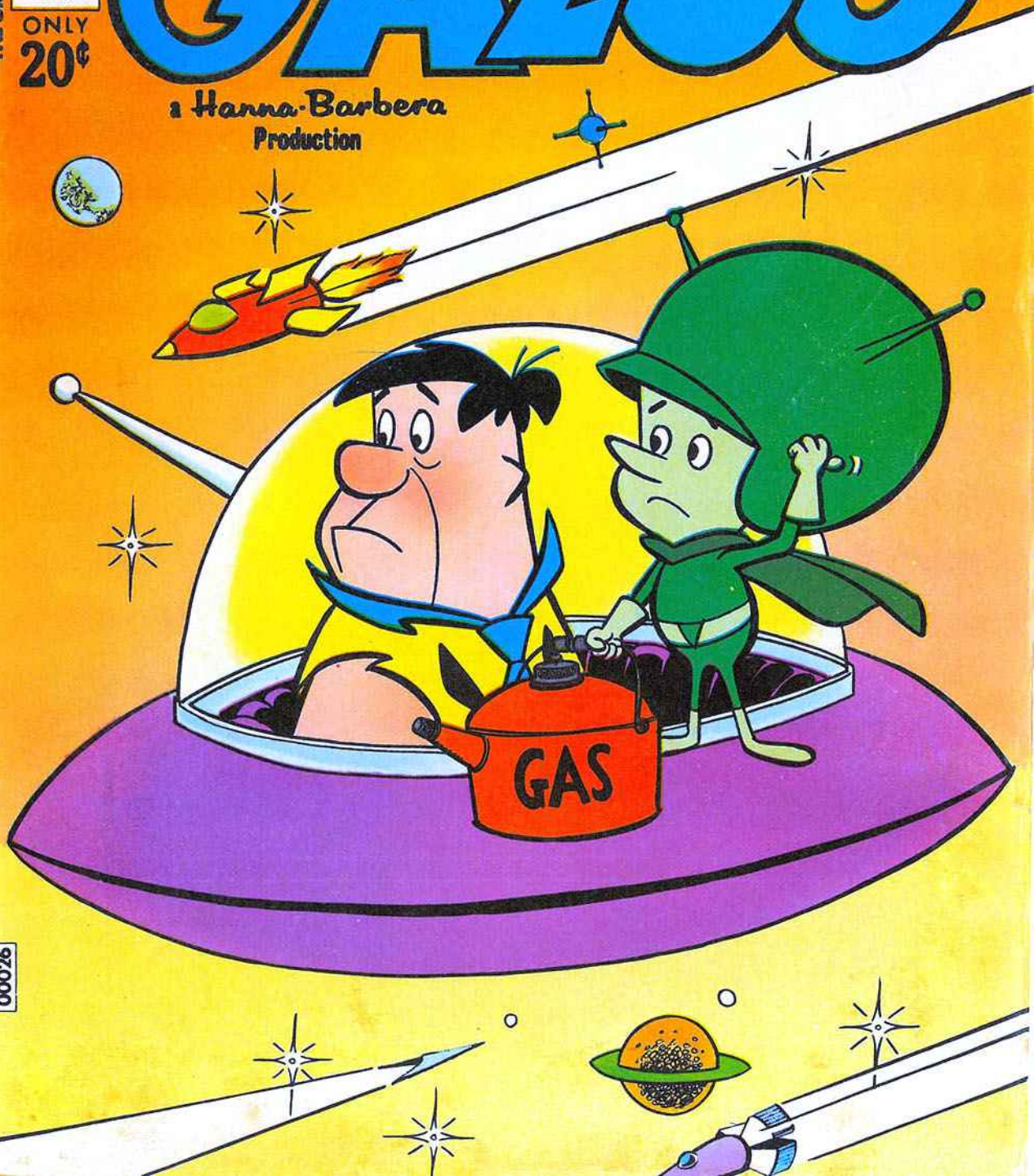
THE GREAT GAZOO

NO. 2
OCT.
CDC

ONLY 20¢

a Hanna-Barbera Production

THE GREAT GAZOO



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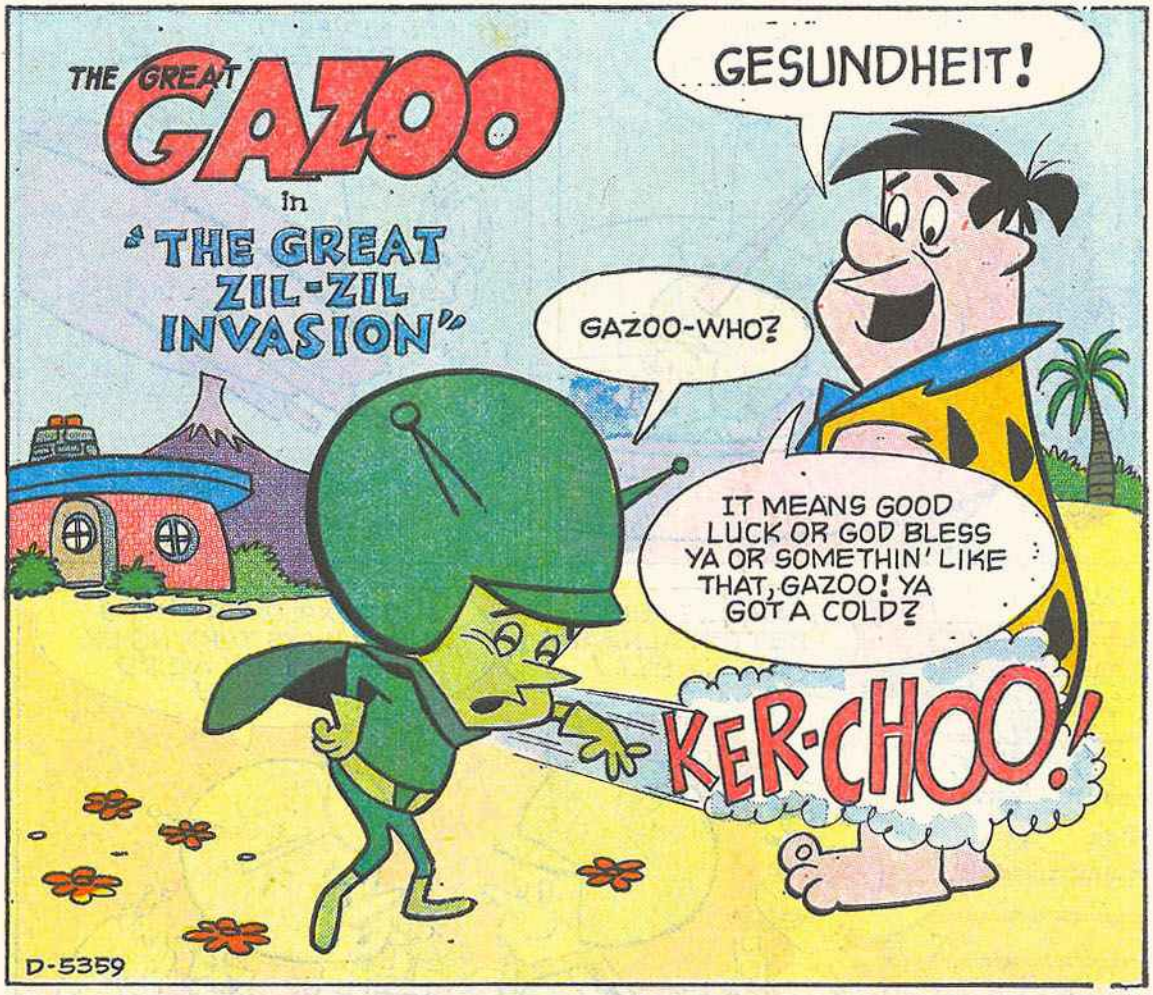

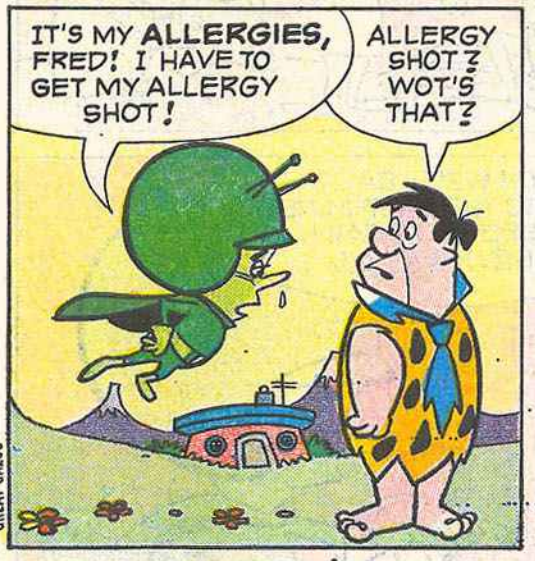

THE GREAT GAZOO Vol. 1, No. 2, October, 1973,
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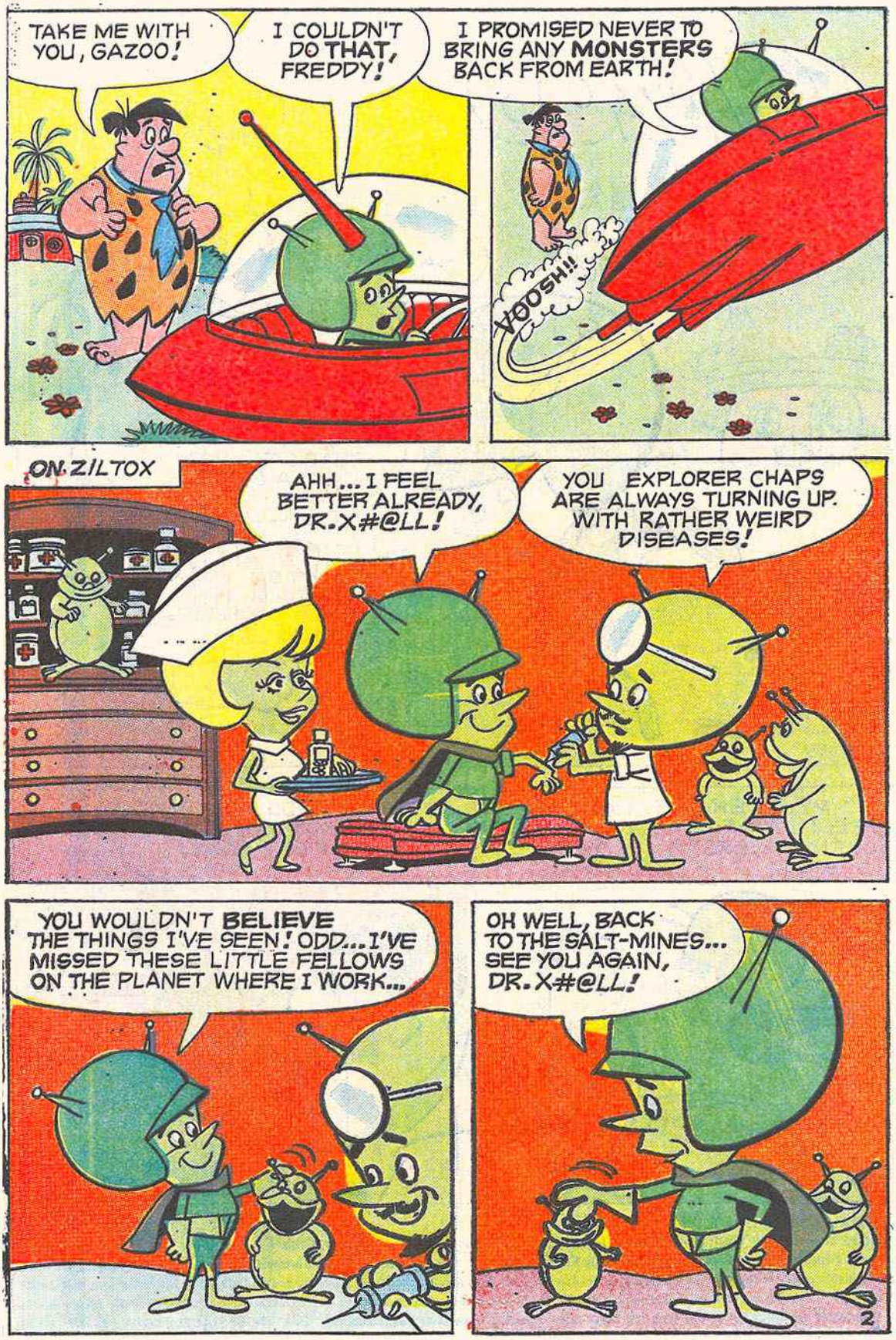
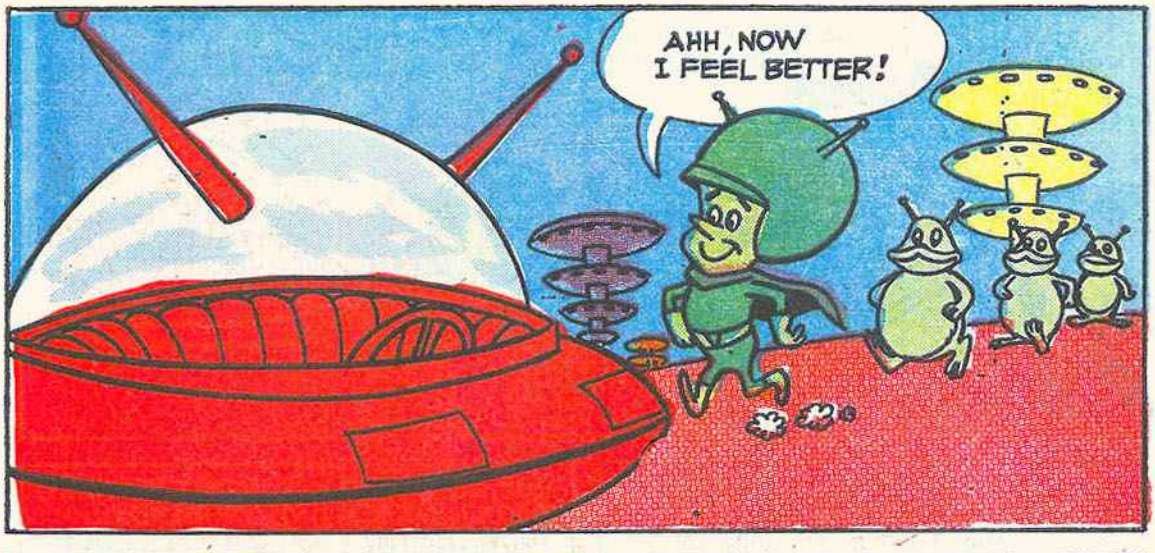

TAKE ME WITH YOU, GAZOO!
I COULDN'T DO THAT, FREDDY!
I PROMISED NEVER TO BRING ANY MONSTERS BACK FROM EARTH!
VOOSH!!
ON ZILTOX
AHH... I FEEL BETTER ALREADY, DR. X#@LL!
YOU EXPLORER CHAPS ARE ALWAYS TURNING UP WITH RATHER WEIRD DISEASES!
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE THINGS I'VE SEEN! ODD... I'VE MISSED THESE LITTLE FELLOWS ON THE PLANET WHERE I WORK...
OH WELL, BACK TO THE SALT-MINES... SEE YOU AGAIN, DR. X#@LL!

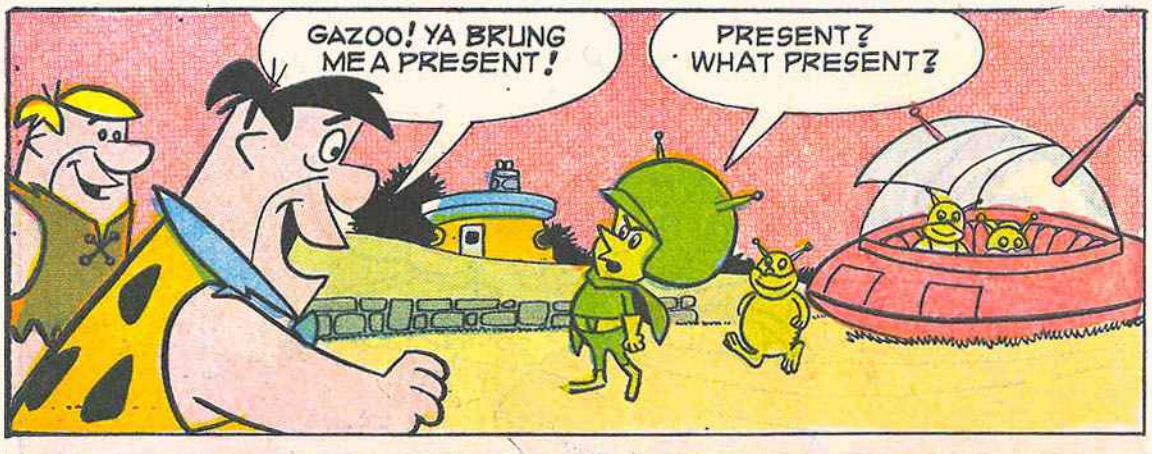

AHH, NOW I FEEL BETTER!

I HOPE THAT DUM-DUM HASN'T GOTTEN INTO TROUBLE WHILE I WAS AWAY!

HAVING ONCE BEEN THE HEAD SCIENTIST ON ZILTOX AND NOW BEING BANISHED TO A BACKWARD PLANET LIKE EARTH....

HE'S BACK, FRED!
WHO'S BACK? YOU TWO ARE ALWAYS ACTING LIKE SOMEONE INVISIBLE IS AROUND!

BACK TO BACKWARD BEDROCK! IF THERE WAS ONE THING I ENJOYED IN ZILTOX, IT WAS THE LACK OF MINERAL FORMATIONS ...IN OTHER WORDS...NO ROCKS!
HEY, GAZOO... HOW'YA DOIN'?



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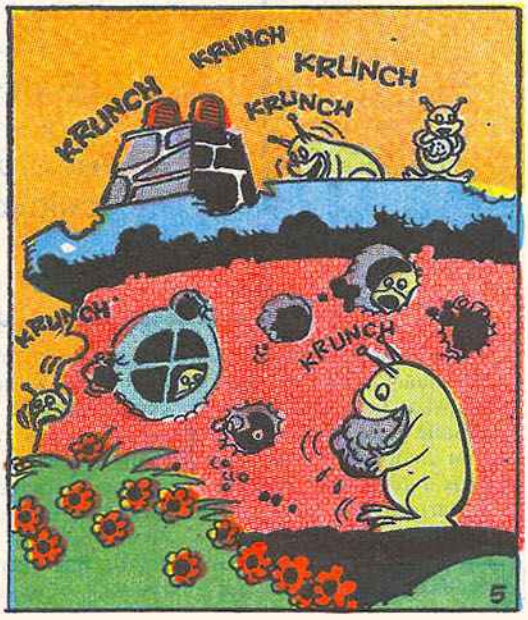
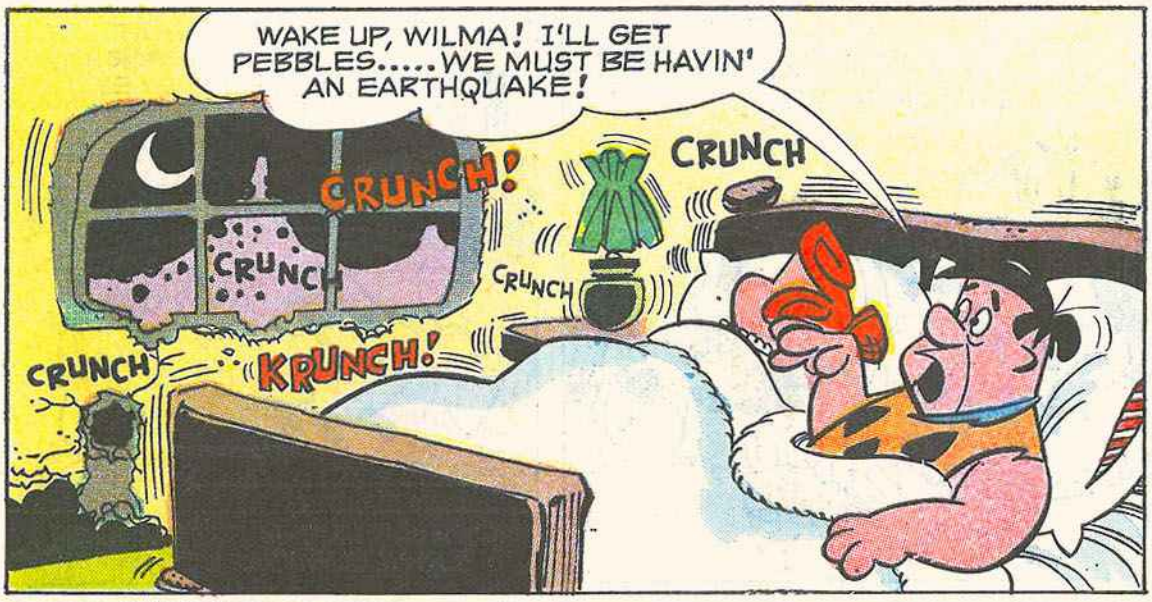
I'M GONNA TAKE THIS CUTE LI'L FELLA HOME FOR PEBBLES, GAZOO!
YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD, FATSO ...I COULD SLEEP FOR A WEEK!

DADDY BROUGHT ME A LITTLE PET!
LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT FOR YOU, PEBBLES!

GOO!
OH, FOR HEAVENS' SAKE, FRED, DID YOU BRING PEBBLES ONE OF YOUR 'INVISIBLE' FRIENDS AGAIN?
INVIZ.....? OH, YEAH..I FORGOT, WILMA!

THE GREAT GAZOO IS ALWAYS COMIN' UP WITH SURPRISES! IMAGINE BRINGIN' BACK A SILLY ZIL-ZIL FOR A FAMILY PET!


KRUNCH
KRUNCH
KRUNCH
KRUNCH
KRUNCH
KRUNCH


WAKE UP, WILMA! I'LL GET PEBBLES.....WE MUST BE HAVIN' AN EARTHQUAKE!
CRUNCH!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
KRUNCH!

WHAT HAPPENED, FRED?
IT MUST BE THOSE ZIL-ZILS, WILMA!
CRASH!

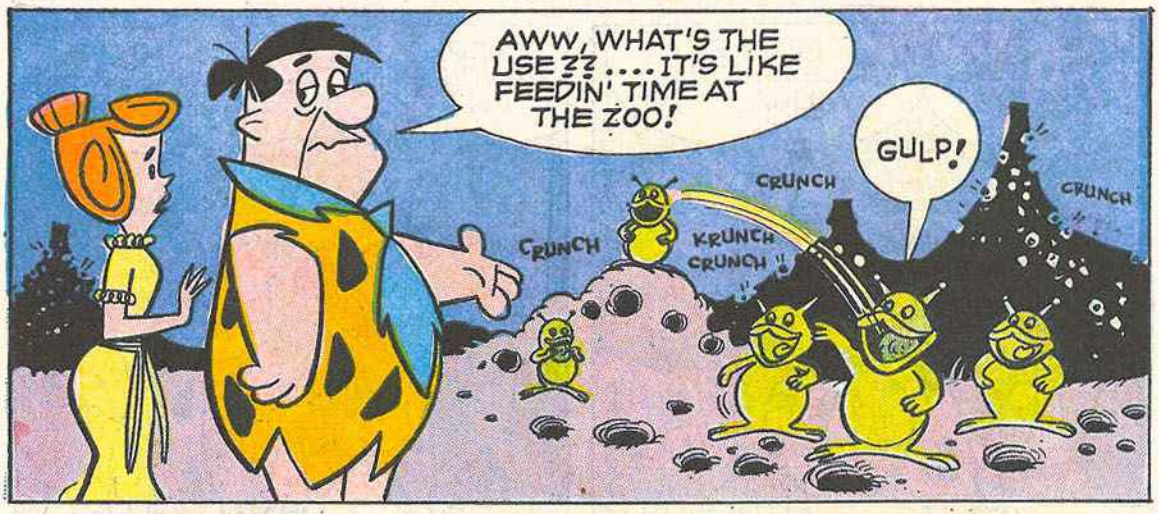
FRED, WHAT'S GOING ON?
THE ZIL-ZILS ARE EATIN' UP ALL THE ROCKS, WILMA!
CRUNCH
KRUNCH
KRUNCH

LOOK, FRED.... MY ROCK GARDEN....IT'S GONE!!
KRUNCH
KRUNCH

LOOK, FRED! BALD MOUNTAIN IS HALF GONE ALREADY!
SUMPIN' GOTTA BE DONE, WILMA!
KRUNCH
KRUNCH

I HATE TA DO IT... BUT WE'VE GOTTA GET RID OF THEM SOMEHOW!

I HATE MYSELF FOR THIS!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH


AWW, WHAT'S THE USE ?? .... IT'S LIKE FEEDIN' TIME AT THE ZOO!
GULP!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
KRUNCH CRUNCH!!

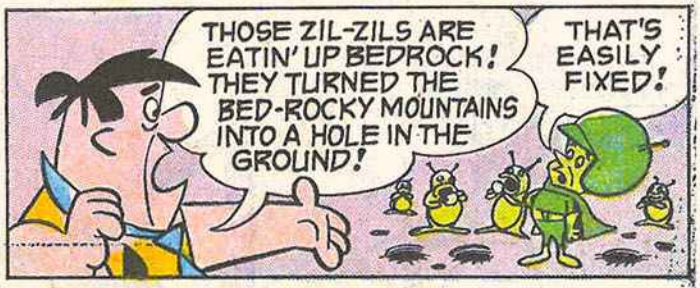
THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY WHO CAN STOP THIS!

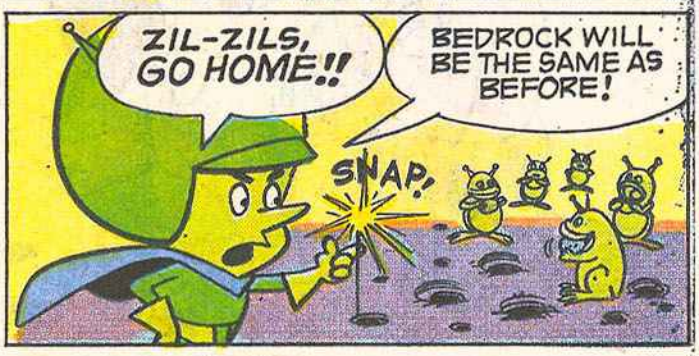
OH, GAZOO! YOO-HOO, GAZOO... WHERE ARE YOU?
AT A TIME LIKE THIS HE HAS TO HAVE ONE OF HIS SILLY SPELLS!
KRUNCH

WHY ARE ALL THE HOUSES FALLING DOWN IN BEDROCK?
NO ONE CAN SEE THE ROCK-EATING ZIL-ZILS EXCEPT ME!
I'VE GOTTA FIND THE GREAT GAZOO!

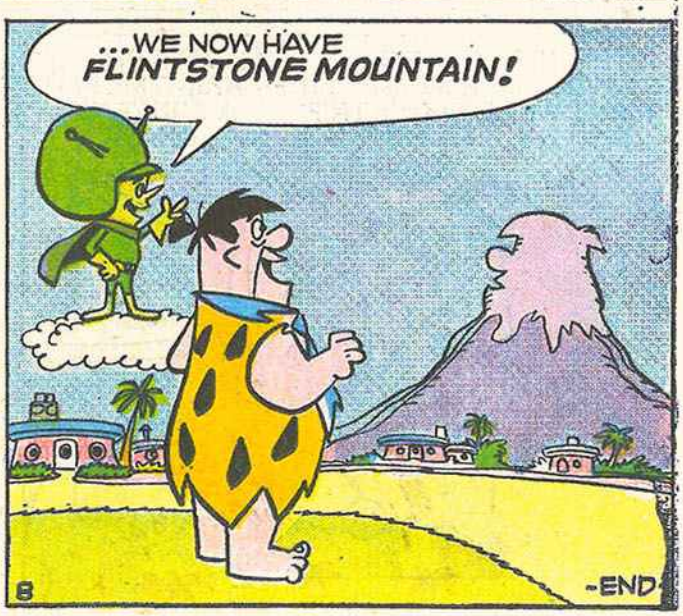
HEY, GAZOO!!

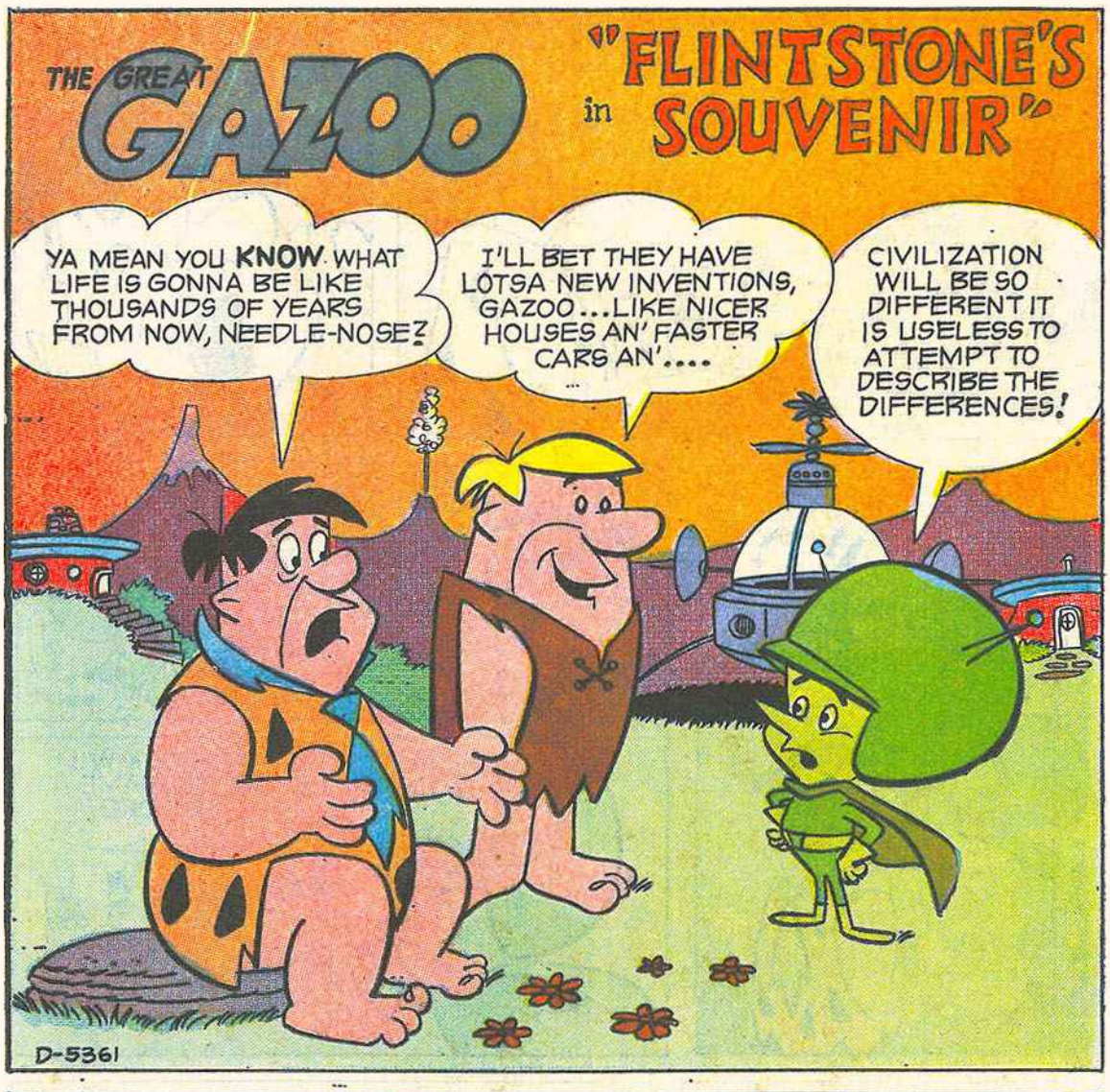
MUST YOU YELL, FATSO ??
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, YOU NEEDLE-NOSED RUNT?
YA GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!
KRUNCH
CRUNCH

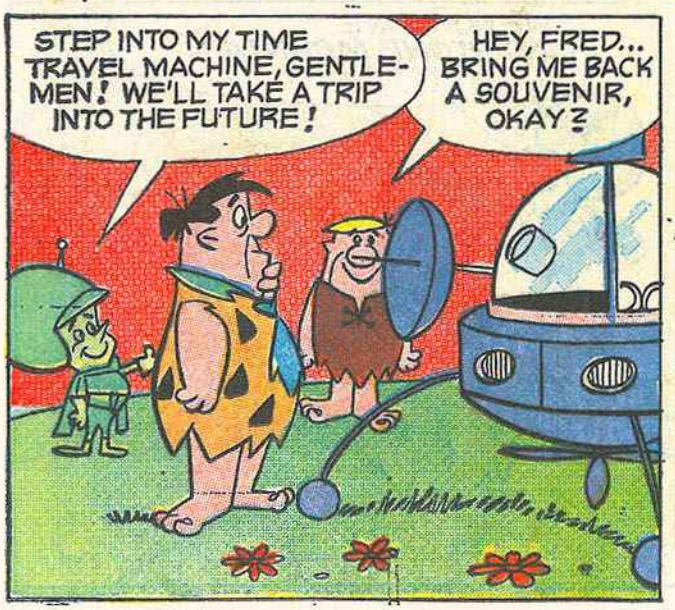

THOSE ZIL-ZILS ARE EATIN' UP BEDROCK! THEY TURNED THE BED-ROCKY MOUNTAINS INTO A HOLE IN THE GROUND!
THAT'S EASILY FIXED!


ZIL-ZILS, GO HOME!!
BEDROCK WILL BE THE SAME AS BEFORE!
SNAP!

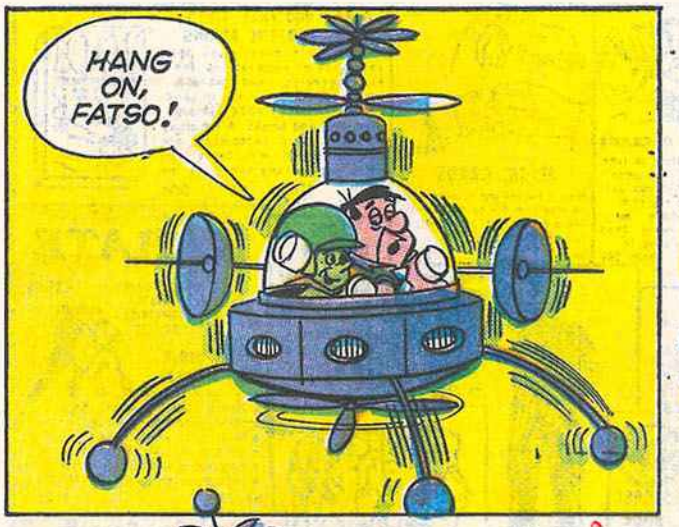
THAT'S GREAT, GAZOO!
IT'S JUST AS IT WAS EXCEPT FOR ONE THING, FRED....

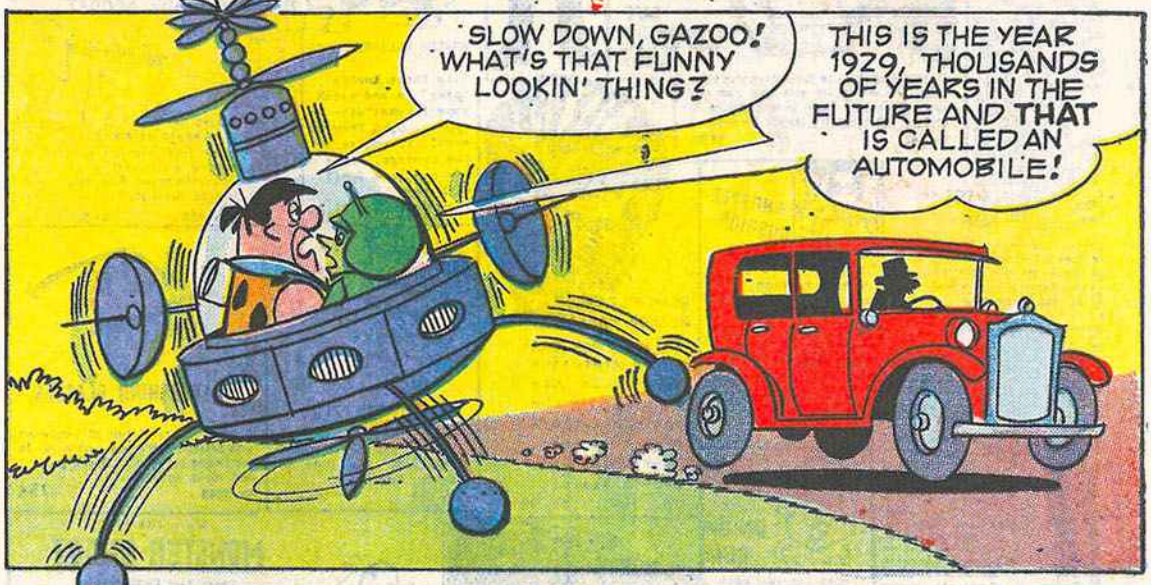

...WE NOW HAVE FLINTSTONE MOUNTAIN!
-END

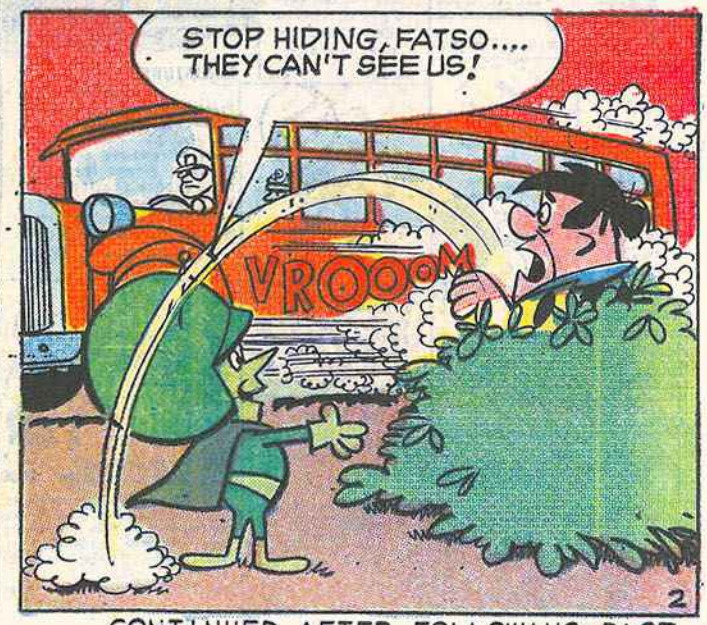

THE GREAT GAZOO
"FLINTSTONE'S in SOUVENIR"
YA MEAN YOU KNOW WHAT LIFE IS GONNA BE LIKE THOUSANDS OF YEARS FROM NOW, NEEDLE-NOSE?
I'LL BET THEY HAVE LOTSA NEW INVENTIONS, GAZOO...LIKE NICER HOUSES AN' FASTER CARS AN'....
CIVILIZATION WILL BE SO DIFFERENT IT IS USELESS TO ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE THE DIFFERENCES!
D-5361


STEP INTO MY TIME TRAVEL MACHINE, GENTLEMEN! WE'LL TAKE A TRIP INTO THE FUTURE!
HEY, FRED... BRING ME BACK A SOUVENIR, OKAY?

I'M N-N-NOT S-SCARED, NEEDLE N-N-NOSE! LET'S G-G-GO!







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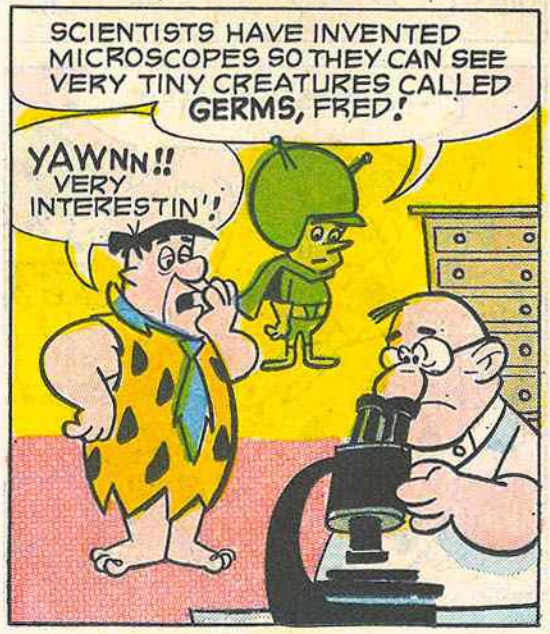
THAT, FLINTSTONE, IS AN AIRPLANE! IN A FEW YEARS, THEY'LL DEVELOP MUCH LARGER, FASTER PLANES THAN THESE!
FANTASTIC!

ARE THEY GOIN' NUTTY OR WHAT, NEEDLE-NOSE?
THEY'RE DANCING, FATSO... IT MIGHT DO YOU SOME GOOD TO TRY IT!

KOFF KOFF! KOFF
GASP! IS THE CHIMNEY BLOCKED OR SUMPIN', GAZOO? WHAT'S MAKIN' ALL THE SMOKE?
PEOPLE SMOKE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS AND PIPES, FRED! IT'S A STRANGE HABIT PEOPLE ACQUIRED IN THE LAST FEW HUNDRED YEARS!


SCIENTISTS HAVE INVENTED MICROSCOPES SO THEY CAN SEE VERY TINY CREATURES CALLED GERMS, FRED!
YAWNN!! VERY INTERESTIN'!

THIS IS A MODERN CITY, FATSO! IMPRESSIVE IS IT NOT?
IT ONLY GIVES ME A CRICK IN THE NECK!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

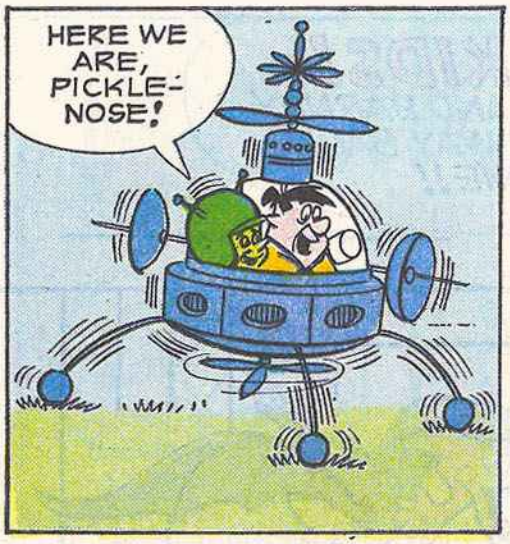
WH-WHAT'S TH-TH-THIS? IT'S C-C-COLD!
IT'S A REFRIGERATOR, FREDDY! IT KEEPS FOOD COLD AND FRESH UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO USE IT!

THAT'S A MODERN BED, FATSO!
YABBA-DABBA-DOO!

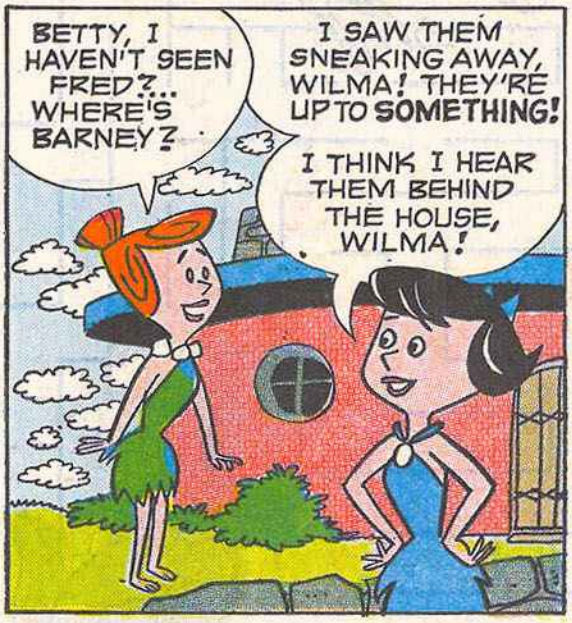
THIS IS A SUPER-MARKET, FREDDY!
WOW! LOOKIT ALL THE CHOW!
SPECIAL
PIGS FEET
HAM HOCKS
BLACK EYE
SUPER MARKET

COME, COME, FATSO... WE'VE STAYED TOO LONG ALREADY!
Y-YEAH, GAZOO! I KINDA HATE TA LEAVE!
SUPER MARKET

HERE WE GO, FRED...BACK TO BEDROCK!
YABBA DABBA DOO!


HERE WE ARE, PICKLE-NOSE!

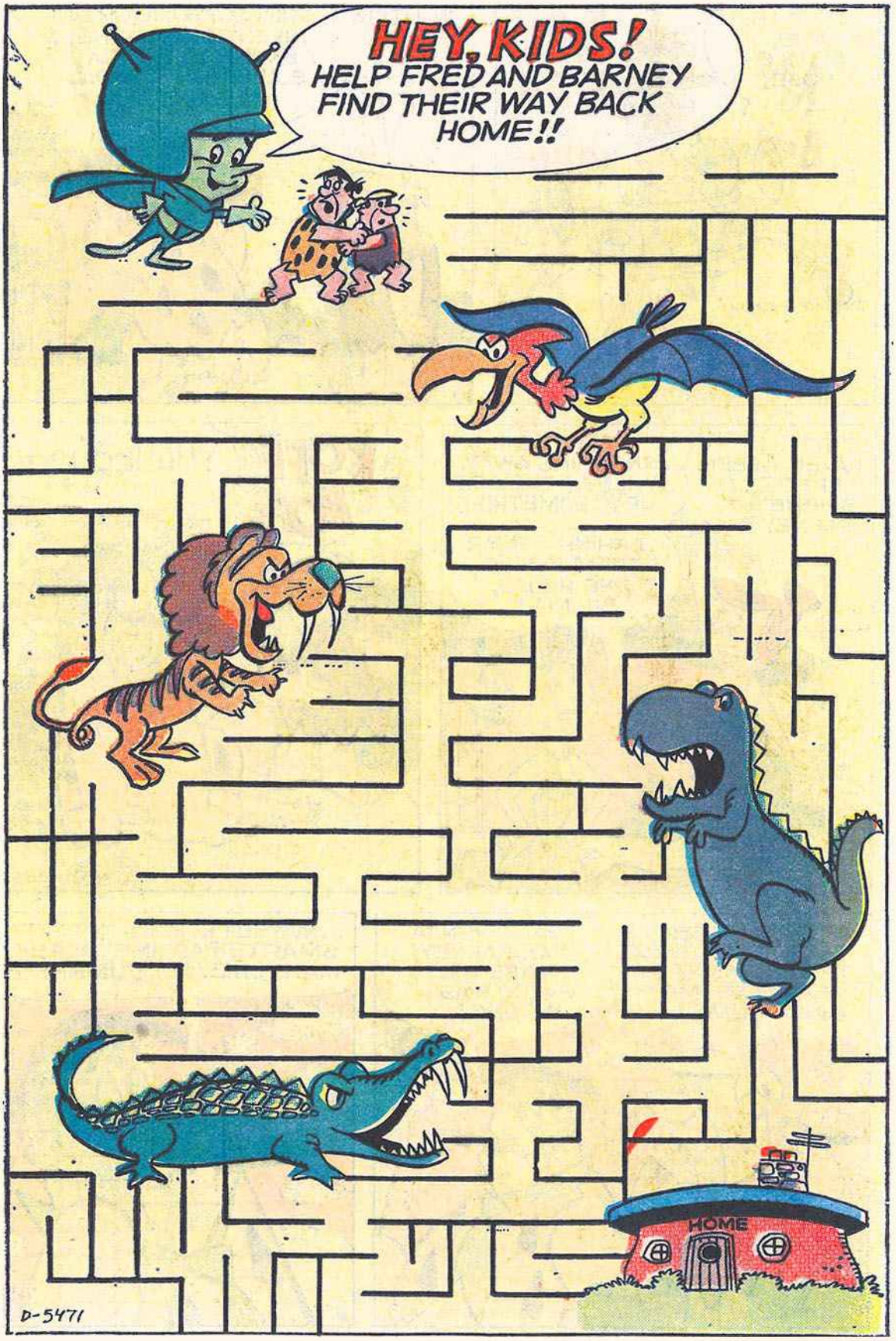
WHAD'JA SEE, FRED?
THEY GOT SOME GREAT INVENTIONS, BARNEY! I BRUNG YA BACK A SOUVENIR! C'MON, I'LL SHOW YA!

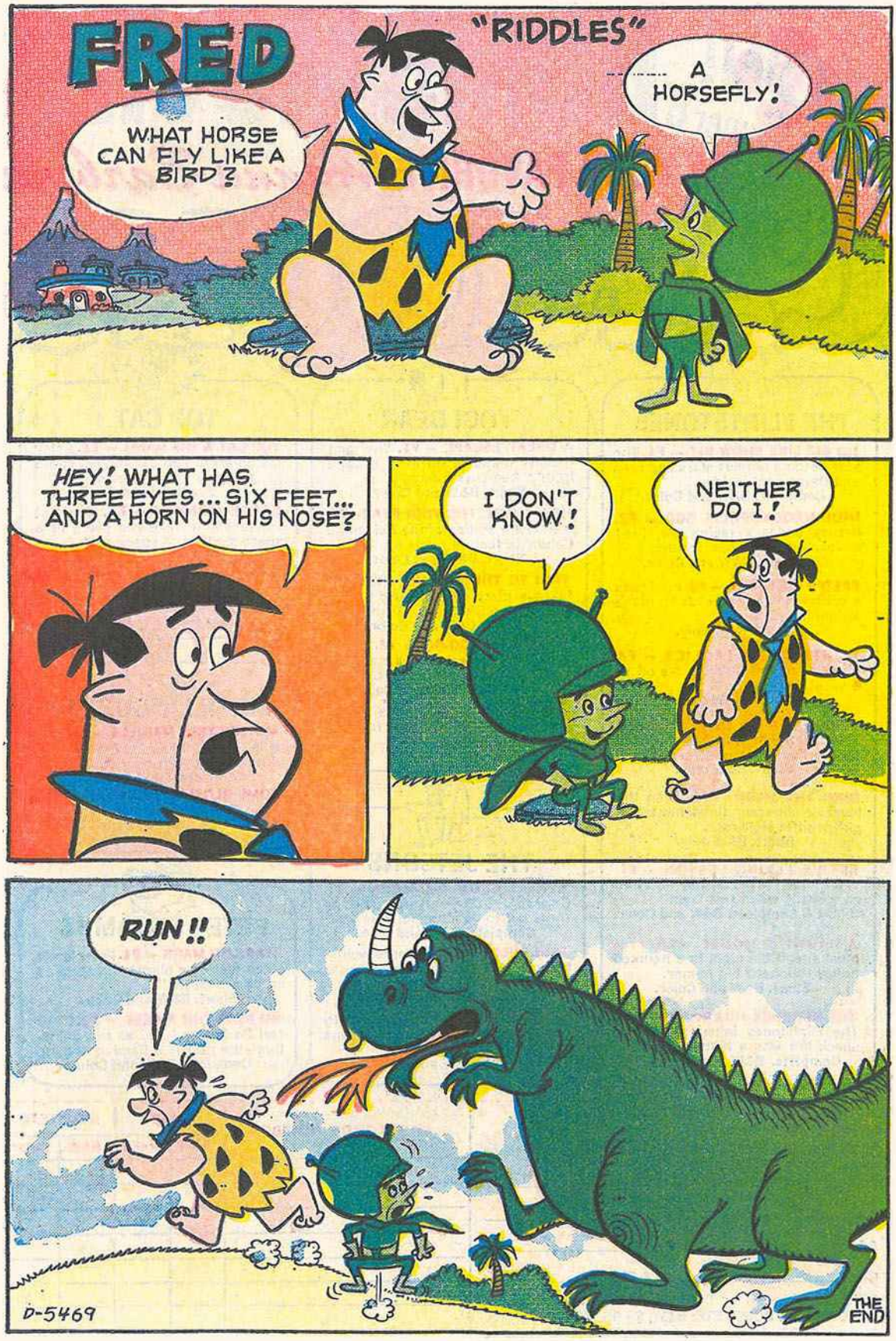

BETTY, I HAVEN'T SEEN FRED?... WHERE'S BARNEY?
I SAW THEM SNEAKING AWAY, WILMA! THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING!
I THINK I HEAR THEM BEHIND THE HOUSE, WILMA!

KOFF KOFF
YUUUCCCKK!!

ARE YA SURE PEOPLE WAS SMOKIN' THESE THINGS, FRED? I MEAN IT SEEMS KINDA DUMB!
YEAH, EVEN TA ME, BARNEY! MAYBE THE GAZOO WAS WRONG!....

...MAYBE PEOPLE DON'T GET SMARTER AS TIME GOES BY... MAYBE THEY GET DUMBER!!
THE END


HEY, KIDS!
HELP FRED AND BARNEY FIND THEIR WAY BACK HOME!!
HOME
D-5471


FRED
"RIDDLES"
WHAT HORSE CAN FLY LIKE A BIRD?
A HORSEFLY!
HEY! WHAT HAS THREE EYES... SIX FEET... AND A HORN ON HIS NOSE?
I DON'T KNOW!
NEITHER DO I!
RUN!!
D-5469
THE END

THE GREAT GAZOO
in "THE GIFT OF THE GAZOO"
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TA GRANT ME OR RUBBLE ANYTHING WE WANT, GREAT GAZOO! IT'S PART OF THE CONTRACT!
?
IF YOU INSIST, FLINTSTONE... BUT YOU DON'T REALLY WANT THAT RIDICULOUS CAR, DO YOU?
D-5360

YES, I DO! I WANT THE CAR! I DO... I DO... I DO!
THERE, THERE, FREDDIE! I'LL THINK ABOUT IT!

I HATE TO SEE GROWN MEN CRY, FATSO! BESIDES, YOU'RE SPLASHING THE LIMOUSINE! WHY DON'T YOU RUN ALONG NOW?

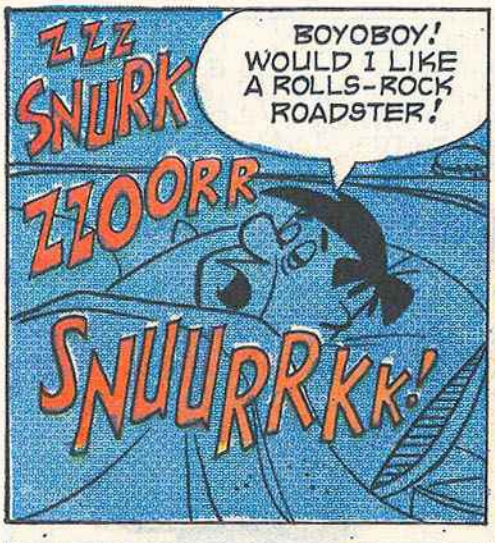
FINE FRIEND YOU ARE, GAZOO! IT'S HUMILIATIN' DRIVIN' AROUND BEDROCK IN THIS OLD JALOPY!
STOP PRETENDIN' YA CAN'T HEAR ME, GAZOO!

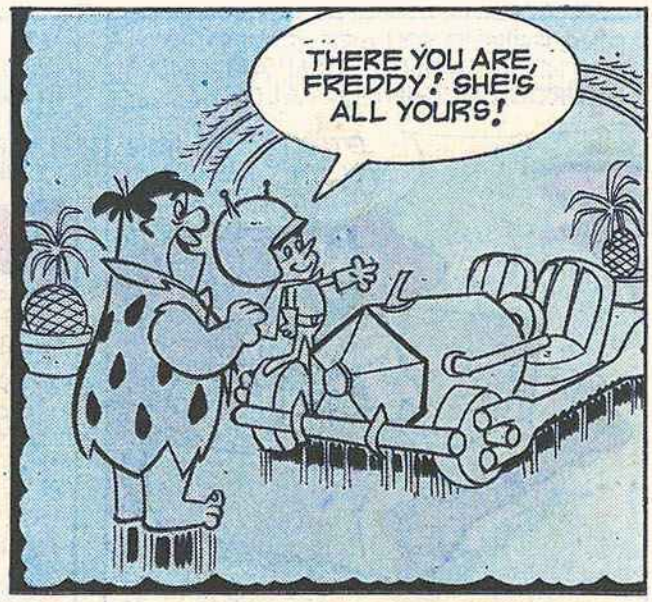
I'M RIGHT HERE, YOU MANIACAL MEAT-HEAD! CAN'T YOU SLOW DOWN A LITTLE ON THE CURVES?
IT'S THIS CAR, GAZOO! IT'S OLD AND DANGEROUS!

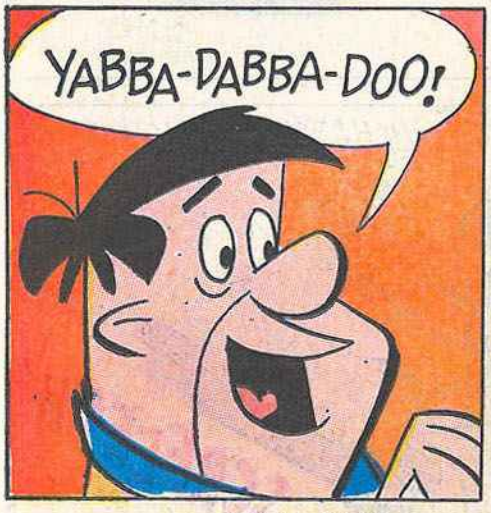
I'D BETTER DISAPPEAR, FREDDY! REMEMBER... I'M ONLY DOING WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU!
HAH! I KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR ME, BETTER THAN YOU DO!
FLINTSTONE
SCREEECH!

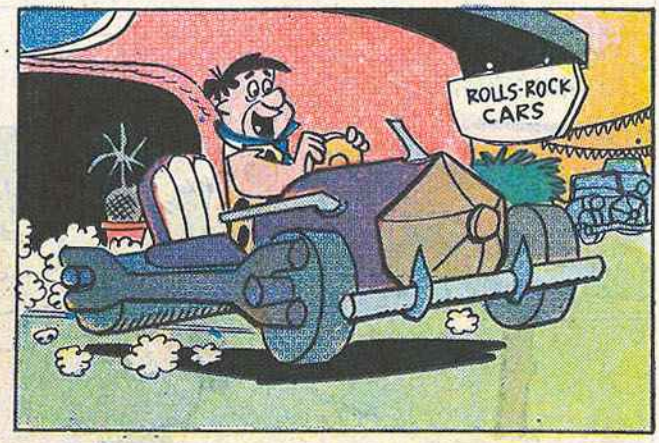
LATER...
FRED, WHAT IN THE WORLD IS WRONG WITH YOU LATELY?
I'M JUST MAD ABOUT THAT CRUMMY CAR!

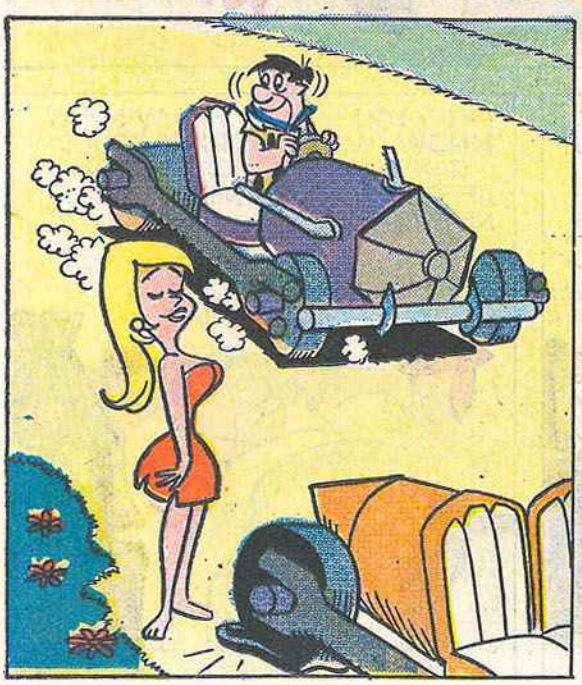
FRED, YOU KNOW WE CAN'T AFFORD A NEW CAR!
YEAH, WILMA, BUT IF I COULD SORTA WIN ONE OR SOME-THIN'....


ZZZ SNURK ZZOORR SNUURRKK!
BOYOBOY! WOULD I LIKE A ROLLS-ROCK ROADSTER!

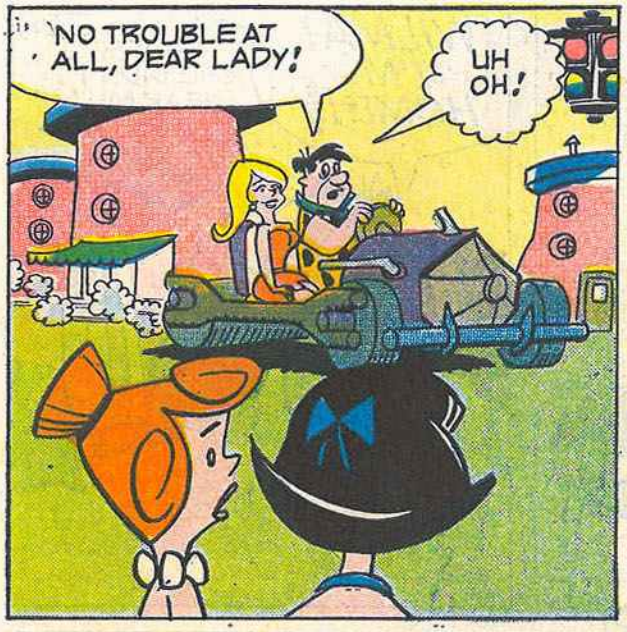

THERE YOU ARE, FREDDY! SHE'S ALL YOURS!


YABBA-DABBA-DOO!

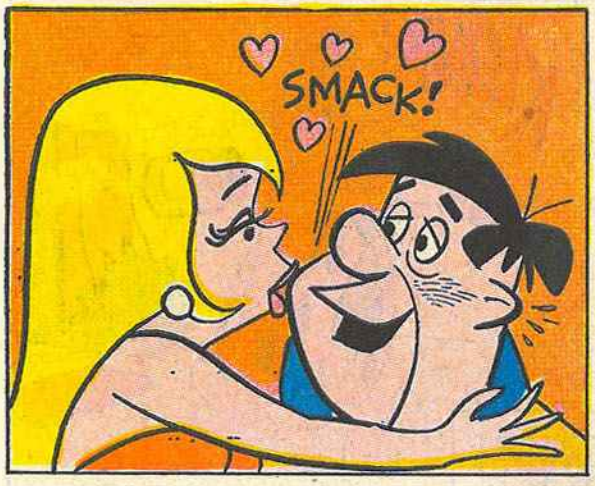

ROLLS-ROCK CARS



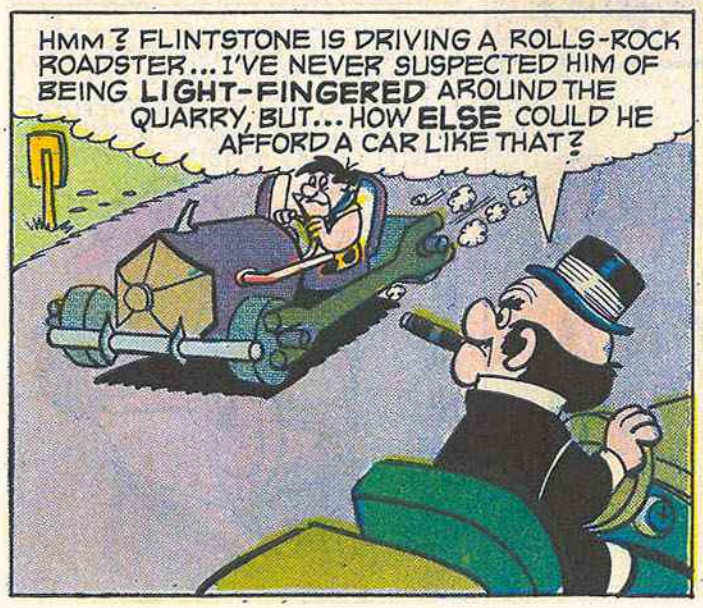
HOP IN! I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT TO A SERVICE STATION!
YOU'RE SO KIND, YOU BIG, BEAUTIFUL MAN!

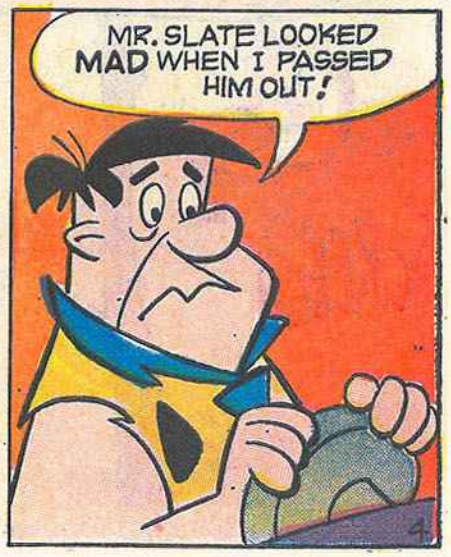

NO TROUBLE AT ALL, DEAR LADY!
UH OH!

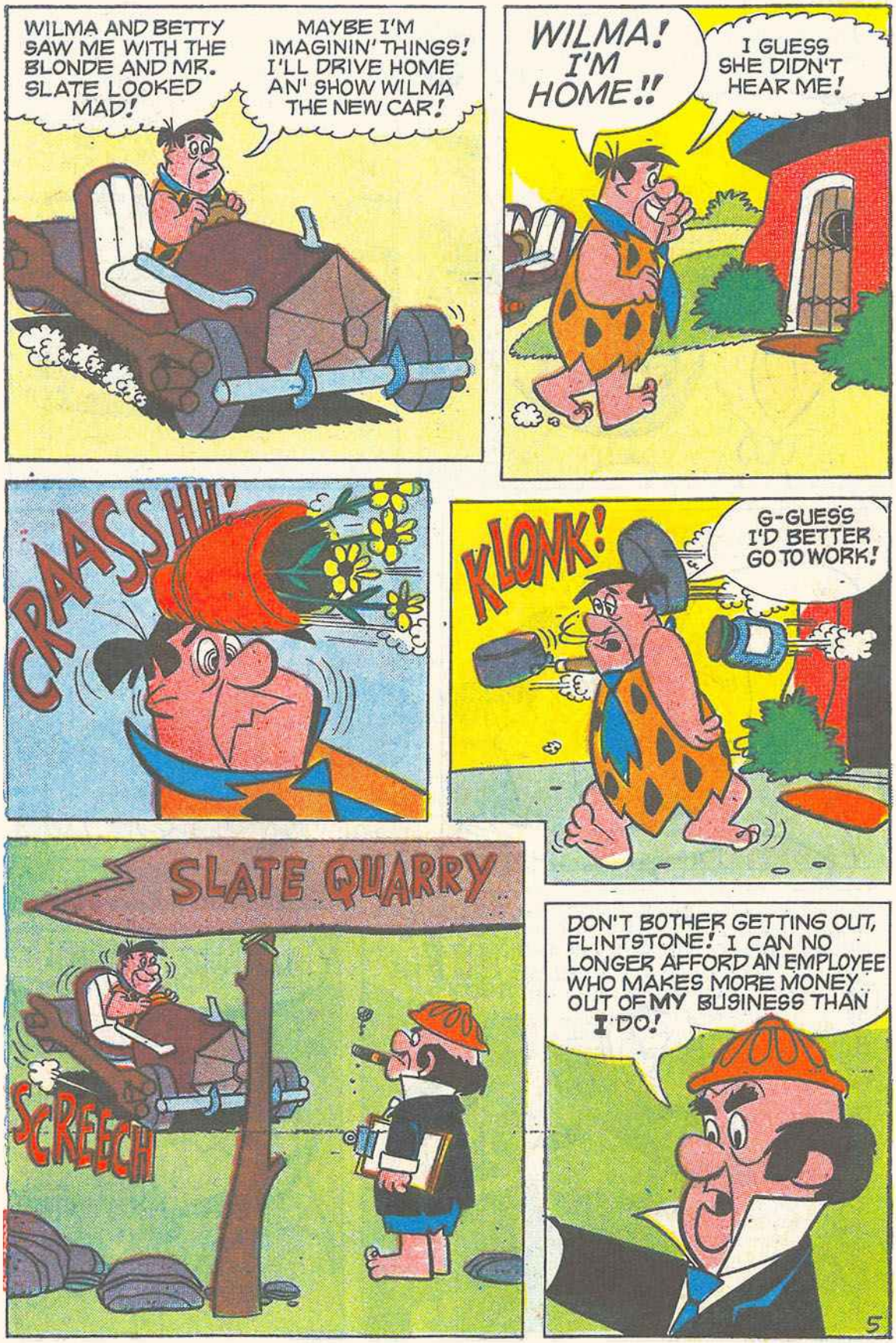
THANKS, HANDSOME, YOU'RE REALLY SWEET!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GIRLIE, I....
SERVICE STATION


SMACK!

YABBA-DABBA DOO!
I HOPE THE GIRLS DIDN'T SEE THAT!


HMM? FLINTSTONE IS DRIVING A ROLLS-ROCK ROADSTER... I'VE NEVER SUSPECTED HIM OF BEING LIGHT-FINGERED AROUND THE QUARRY, BUT... HOW ELSE COULD HE AFFORD A CAR LIKE THAT?


MR. SLATE LOOKED MAD WHEN I PASSED HIM OUT!


WILMA AND BETTY SAW ME WITH THE BLONDE AND MR. SLATE LOOKED MAD!
MAYBE I'M IMAGININ' THINGS! I'LL DRIVE HOME AN' SHOW WILMA THE NEW CAR!
WILMA! I'M HOME!!
I GUESS SHE DIDN'T HEAR ME!
CRAASSHH!
KLONK!
G-GUESS I'D BETTER GO TO WORK!
SLATE QUARRY
SCREECH
DON'T BOTHER GETTING OUT, FLINTSTONE! I CAN NO LONGER AFFORD AN EMPLOYEE WHO MAKES MORE MONEY OUT OF MY BUSINESS THAN I DO!

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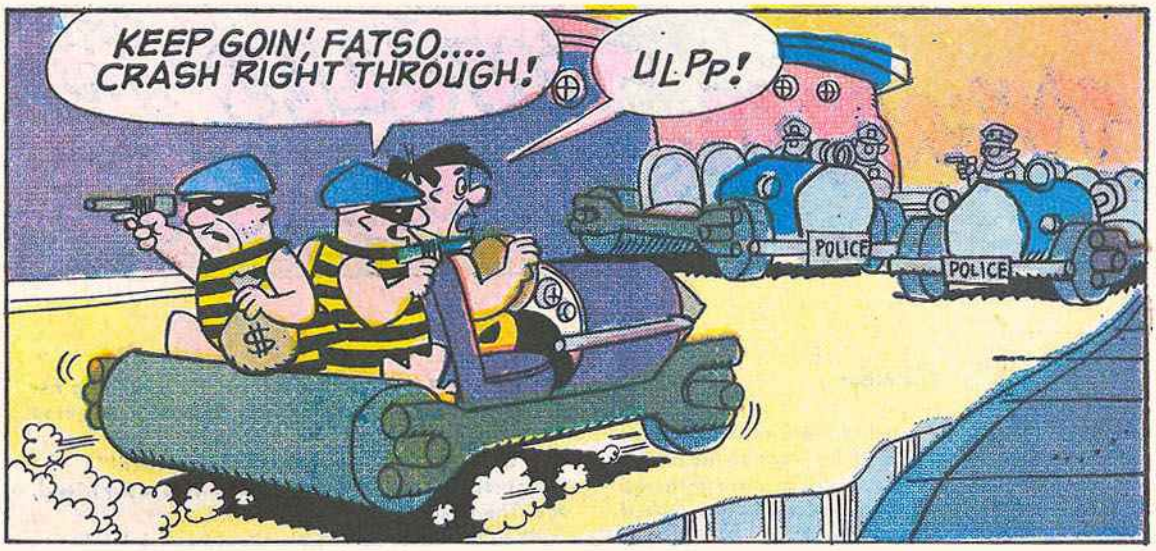
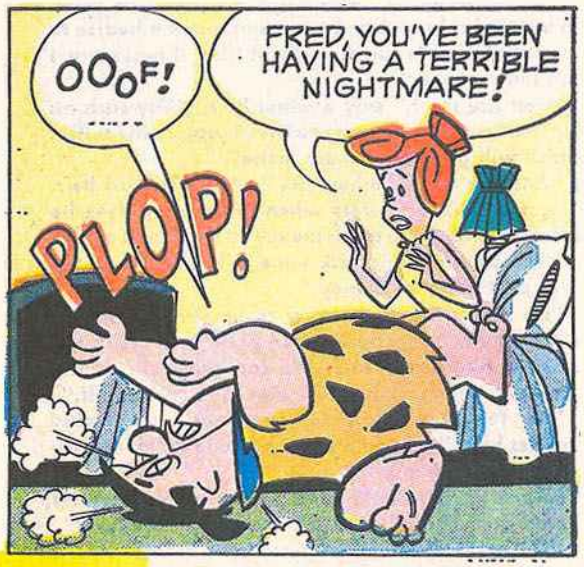

KEEP GOIN', FATSO.... CRASH RIGHT THROUGH!
ULPP!
POLICE
POLICE

CRAAASSSHH!


OOOF!
FRED, YOU'VE BEEN HAVING A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE!
PLOP!

WILMA! ARE YOU SORE ABOUT THE BLONDE?
MAYBE YOUR NIGHTMARE WASN'T SO TERRIBLE AFTER ALL!

LATER
GAZOO, MAYBE YOU WUZ RIGHT ABOUT THE ROLLS-ROCK ROADSTER!
THAT NIGHTMARE WOULD'VE HAPPENED EXACTLY THAT WAY IF I GOT YOU THAT CAR, FREDDY!
THE END

TWINKLES AND WRINKLES

The Miser

He was the stingiest man in the entire village. That is why, perhaps, when he died, he was also the richest man. On that particular day, his heirs were gathered around his coffin in the funeral parlor. One heir looked at him and then turned to the rest.

"We divide his estate equally among all of us. Now, he wanted a brass band to accompany the hearse to the cemetery. We can do without that. If necessary, I will hum a tune."

"You are right," said another heir. "Why such an expensive coffin? We can use the cheapest pine coffin, which will give us all more money."

"Another thing bothers me," added a third heir. "He never liked flowers when alive. Why does he want us to spend so much money on flowers? I can go out into the field and pick some wild flowers, so we have all that extra money."

"He really taught us how to be stingy," smiled another heir, "so he deserves what he gets. We do not have to hire thirty cars. We can all walk to the cemetery. Only a short walk of a mile and a half."

"As for the charitable donations," suggested another heir, "we will merely give one dollar to each charity in his name."

All this was too much for the man in the coffin. He, turned around and spoke his thoughts to his heirs:

"You all beat me when it comes to being a miser, and it happens to be my money. What do you want me to do? Walk to the cemetery, dig my own grave, and jump into it? I have a better idea. I am getting up, will live for another ten years, and enjoy my own money."

In A Movie House

We go to see a movie in order to be entertained. We sit in a given seat and focus our eyes upon the screen. With our ears, we hope to hear the spoken words. But between us and the screen, there are other spectators; and things happen that aren't in the movie script.

The young man finds his view is blocked by the hat on the lady's head.

"Would you kindly remove your hat?" he asks very politely.

"What's the matter?" she snaps back. "You don't like my taste in hats?"

Best thing is for him to move to another seat. Then you are bound to have the bad luck to sit in back of a young man and his sweetheart. They aren't paying any attention at all to the picture. He is holding her hand and telling her sweet things. So finally you get so mad, you say to him:

"I can't hear a word that is being spoken!"

Be prepared for the shock. It happened to my friend, Joe. The young man turned around.

"You got some nerve! We should speak louder, so you can hear what we say to each other. Mind your business, or I will call the usher."

What happens if you sit in back of a very stout man who blocks your view? My friend, Mike, said the following:

"Mister, if you were made out of glass, I could see through you." Know something? That did the trick. The man moved his head to the left.

The Symptom

Dr. James Wexler, the psychiatrist, has a lot of interesting stories to tell at meetings, gatherings, and parties. Here is one he told last week, and I was fortunate to be among those present.

"This woman came in from the suburbs to see me. She had a ten-thirty appointment. One look at her face and you didn't have to be an expert to see how worried she was.

"Doctor," she began," it concerns my husband. He retired last year; and we bought a home in the suburbs where there are very nice people, and most of them are also retired. So, we have a lot in common. Then about two months ago, it began.

Every morning at seven-thirty my husband goes out and climbs the big apple tree. He carries a towel, a brush, a bottle of water, and a small cake of soap. As he tells me, he believes in cleanliness. So every morning, he cleans the birdhouse."

"I would say that isn't too serious a problem. We call it the cleanliness complex. Perhaps, in a word where pollution has become a common day word, it is good to see people wanting to clean things up. Our maid insists on cleaning the living room at least twice a day. My younger son insists on washing his hands and even behind his ears morning and night. So I would say you haven't a problem. Let him alone."

"But, doctor," she protested, "it is serious. You miss the important part of it."

"What did I miss? " he asked cautiously.

"The fact that there isn't a birdhouse up in that tree, " she replied.